



42 [—] Reformation of Manners, A Satyr. Sm. 4to., FIRST EDITION; *
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First Edition.

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Reformation of Manners,

A

SATYR.

Vae Vobis Hipocritæ.

Printed in the Year MDC CII.

THE PREFACE.

NO Man is qualified to reprove other Mens Faults, but he that has none of his own, say some People, who are loth to be told of their Errors; and 'tis on this Account only, that the World has the Trouble of a Preface.

If that be true, the Author freely acknowledges he is the most unqualified Man in the World to reprove.

That no Man is qualified to reprove other Mens Crimes, who allows himself in the Practice of the same, is very readily granted, and is the very Substance and Foundation of the following Satyr: And on that score, the Author has as good a Title to Animadversion as another, since no Man can charge him with any of the Vices he has reprov'd.

But instead of Self-defence, he is rather willing to look back on the best Actions of his Life, with the Temper of a Penitent, and he wishes all Men wou'd do the like; 'tis the onely way to make the Satyr Impertinent.

For Penitence would all his Verse disarm,
The Satyr's answer'd if the Men reform.

But the Fact is not true neither: 'Tis a pretty way for Men to get rid of the Impertinence of Admonition. If none but faultless Men must reprove others, the Lord ha' Mercy upon all our Magistrates; and all our Clergy are undignified and suspended at a Blow.

The Preface.

Nor does the Satyr assault private Infirmary, or pursue Personal Vices; but is bent at those, who pretending to suppress Vice; or being vested with Authority for that purpose, yet make themselves the Shame of their Country, encouraging Wickedness by that very Authority they have to suppress it.

He professes himself sorry, either that Freedom of Speech is so dangerous in this Age, or that he is too much a Coward; otherwise, some had heard of their Crimes who think themselves above the Power of Punishment.

'Tis hard that Vice should have so much shelter from Civil Power, that Reproof shou'd lead the Party to suppress the Poet rather than the Crime.

And yet his Friends give him over for lost: An Account of what he has ventur'd to say, to whose Importunity he thinks himself oblig'd to answer with Juvenal,

*Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis Iniquæ
Tam Patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?*

If any Man is injur'd by the Characters, he is content they should carry their Resentment to what Extremity they please; but if Truth may be on his side, the only way to make him do them Justice is to reform: And he promises to give Testimony to their Repentance, as an Amant Honourable, in a manner as publick as possible.

Reforma-

Reformation of Manners,

A

S A T Y R.

HOW long may Heaven be banter'd by a Nation,
With broken Vows, and Shams of Reformation,
And yet forbear to show its Indignation?

Tell me ye Sages, who the Conscience guide,
And Ecclesiastick Oracles divide,
Where do the Bounds of Sovereign Patience end,
How long may People undestroy'd offend?
What Limits has Almighty Power prepar'd,
When Mercy shall be deaf and Justice heard?

B

If

If there's a Being Immortal and Immense,
 Who does Rewards and Punishments dispence,
 Why is he Passive when his Power's defy'd,
 And his Eternal Government's deny'd?
 Tell us why he that sits above the Sky,
 Unreins no Vengeance, lets no Thunders fly,
 When Villains prosper, and successful Vice,
 Shall human Power controul and Heavenly Power despise?

If 'tis because the Sins of such a Nation,
 Are yet too small to conquer his Compassion,
 Then tell us to what height Mankind may sin,
 Before Celestial Fury must begin?
 How their extended Crimes may reach so high,
 Vengeance must follow and of course destroy;
 And by the common Chain of Providence,
 Destruction come like Cause and Consequence.

Then search the dark *Arcana* of the Skies,
 And if ye can, unfold these Mysteries:

His

His clashing Providences reconcile
 The partial Frown, and the unequal Smile.
 Tell us why some have been destroy'd betimes,
 While *Albion's* glittering Shores grow black with Crimes?
 Why some for early Errors are undone,
 Some *longer still, and longer still* sin on?
England with all her blackening Guilt is spar'd,
 And *Sodom's* lesser Crimes receiv'd a swift Reward:
 And yet all this be reconcil'd to both,
 Impartial Justice, and unnerring Truth.

Why *Ostia* stands, and no revenging hand
 Has yet dismiss'd her from the burthen'd Land;
 No Plague, no sulphurous Shower her *exit* makes,
 And turns her Silver *Thames* to *Stygian* Lakes,
 Whose so uninhabitable Banks might flow
 With Streams as black as her that made 'em so:
 And as a Monument to future Times,
 Should send forth Vapours nauseous as her Crimes.

Tell us why *Carthage* fell a Prey to *Rome*,
 And mourn the Fate of bright *Byzantium*.

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Why ancient *Troy*'s embrac'd by Destiny,
And *Rome*, Immortal *Rome*, to Fate gives way,
Yet *Ostia* stands, more impious far than they?

Where are the Golden Gates of *Palestine*,
Where High Superiour Glory us'd to shine?
The mighty City Millions dwelt within,
Where Heaven's Epitome was to be seen,
God's Habitation, Sacred to his Name,
Magnificent beyond the Voice of Fame :
Those lofty Pinnacles which once were seen,
Bright like the Majesty that dwelt within.
In which Seraphick Glory cou'd reside,
Too great for humane Vision to abide;
Whose glittering Fabrick, *God* the Architect,
The Sun's less Glorious Light, did once reject.

These all ha' felt the Iron hands of Fate,
And Heaven's dear Darling City's desolate.
No more the sacred Place commands our Awe,
But all become a Curse, a *Golgotha*.
The Reverend Pile can scarce its Ruins show;
Forsook by him whose Glory made it so.

Yet

Yet *Ostia* stands, her impious Towers defie
The threatening Comets of the blazing Sky,
Foreboding Signs of Ruine she despises,
And all her teaching Saviour's Sacrifices ;
The Jews are Fools, *Jerusalem's* out-done,
We crucifie the Father, they the Son.

Within her Reprobate Gates they are allow'd
Worse Jews than those which crucified their God :
They kill'd a Man, for they supposed him so ;
These boldly sacrifice the God they know,
His Incarnation Miracles deny,
And vilely Banter his Divinity ;
Their old Impostor, *Socinus*, prefer,
And the long Voyage of Heaven without a Pilot steer.

Yet *Ostia* boasts of her Regeneration,
And tells us wondrous Tales of Reformation :
How against Vice she has been so severe,
That none but Men of Quality may swear :

How

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How Publick Lewdness is expell'd the Nation,
That *Private Whoring* may be more in fashion.
How Parish Magistrates, like pious Elves,
Let none be Drunk a Sundays, *but themselves.*
Hnd Hackney Coach men durst not Ply the Street
In Sermon-time, *till they had pay'd the State.*

These, *Oftia*, are the Shams of Reformation,
With which thou mock'st thy Maker, and the Nation;
While in thy Streets unpunish'd there remain
Crimes which have yet insulted Heaven in vain,
Crimes which our Satyr blushes to review,
And Sins thy Sister-*Sodom* never knew:
Superiour Lewdness Crowns thy Magistrates,
And Vice grown grey usurps the Reverend Seats;
Eternal Blasphemies, and Oaths abound,
And Bribes among thy Senators are found.

Old Venerable *Jeph*, with trembling Air,
Ancient in Sin, and Father of the Chair,
Forfook by Vices he had lov'd so long,
Can now be vicious only with his Tongue;

Yet

Yet talks of ancient Lewdness with delight,
 And loves to be the Justice of the Night:
 On Baudy Tales with pleasure he reflects,
 And leudly smiles at Vices he corrects.
 The feeble tottering Magistrate appears
 Willing to Wickedness, in spite of Years;
 Struggles his Age and Weakness to resist,
 And fain wou'd sin, but Nature won't assist.

L——l, the *Pandor* of thy Judgment-Seat,
 Has neither Manners, Honesty, nor Wit;
 Instead of which, he's plentifully supply'd
 With Nonsense, Noise, Impertinence, and Pride;
 Polite his Language, and his flowing Stile
 Scorns to suppose Good Manners worth his while;
 With Principles from Education stor'd,
 Th' Drudgery of Decency abhor'd:
 The *City-Mouth*, with Eloquence endu'd,
 To Mountebank the listning Multitude,
 Sometimes he tunes his Tongue to soft Harangues,
 To banter Common Halls, and flatter Kings:

And

And all with but an odd indifferent Grace,
With Jingle on his Tongue, and Coxcomb in his Face;
Definitive in Law, without Appeal,
But always serves the Hand who pays him well:
He Trades in Justice, and the Souls of Men,
And prostitutes them equally to Gain:
He has his Publick Book of Rates to show,
Where every Rogue the Price of Life may know:
And this one Maxim always goes before,
He never hangs the Rich, nor saves the Poor.
God-like he nods upon the Bench of State,
His Smiles are Life, and if he Frown 'tis Fate:
Boldly invading Heaven's Prerogative;
For with his Breath he kills, or saves alive.
Fraternities of Villains he maintains,
Protects their Robberies, and shares the Gains,
Who thieve with Toleration as a Trade,
And then restore according as their paid,
With awkward scornful Phyz, and vile Grimace,
The genuine Talents of an ugly Face;
With haughty Tone, insults the Wretch that dies,
And sports with his approaching Miseries.

F—e

F——e for so sometimes unrighteous Fate *Fitness*
 Erects a Mad-man for a Magistrate,
 Equipt with Leudness, Oaths, and Impudence,
 Supplies with Vices his defect of Sence;
 Abandon'd to ill Manners, he retains
 His want of Grace, as well as want of Brains.
 Before the Boy wore off, the Rake began,
 The Bully then commenc'd, and then the Man.
 Yet Nature seems in this to do him wrong,
 To give no Courage with a saucy Tongue;
 From whence this constant Disadvantage flows,
 He always gives the Words, and takes the Blows;
 Tho' often Can'd, he's uninstructed by't;
 But still he shews the Scoundrel with the Knight,
 Still scurrilous, and still afraid to fight.
 His Dialects a *Modern Hillinggate*,
 Which suits the *Hofier*, not the Magistrate;
 The same he from behind the Counter brought,
 And yet he practis'd worse than he was taught;
 Early debauch'd, in Satan's Steps he mov'd,
 And all Mechanick Vices he improv'd.
 C At

At first he did his Sovereign's Rights invade,
 And rais'd his Fortune by clandestine Trade;
 Stealing the Customs, did his Profits bring,
 And 'twas his Calling to defraud his King:
 This is the Man that helps to Rule the State,
 The City's New-reforming Magistrate.
 To execute the Justice of the Law,
 And keep less Villains than himself in awe;
 Take Money of the Rich, and hang the Poor,
 And lash the Strumpet he debauch'd before.
 So for small Crimes poor Thieves Destruction find,
And leave the Rogues of Quality behind.

Meet ayle
 Search all the Christian Climes from Pole to Pole,
 And match for Sheriffs S——ple and C——le; *Colb*
 Equal in Character and Dignity,
 This fam'd for Justice, that for Modesty:
 By Merit chosen for the Chair of State,
 This fit for *Bridewell*, that for *Billingsgate*;
 That richly clad to grace the Gaudy Day,
 For which his Fathers Creditors must pay:
 This from the fluxing Bagnio just dismiss,
 Rides out to make himself the City Jest. *From*

Reformation of Manners.

11

From some *lascivious Disb-Clout* to the Chair,
To punish Leudnefs and Disorders there;
The Brute he rides on wou'd his Crimes detest,
For that's the Animal, and this Beast:
And yet some Reformation he began;
For Magistrate ne're bear the Sword in vain.
Expensive Sinning always he declin'd,
To *frugal Whoring* totally resign'd:
His Avarice his Appetite oppress'd,
Base like the Man, and brutish like the Lust:
Concise in Sinning, Nature's Call supply'd,
And in one Act two Vices gratified.
Never was Oyster, Beggar, Cinder Whore,
So much caref'd by Magistrate before:
They that are nice and squeamish in their Lust,
'Ts a sign the Vice is low, and wants a Gust;
But he that's perfect in the Extreme of Vice,
Scorns to excite his Appetite by Price.
'Twas in his Reign we to Reform began,
And set the Devil up to mend the Man.
More might be said, but Satyr stay thy Rimes,
And mix not his Misfortunes with his Crimes.

C—— a superbly wife and grave of Life,
 Cou'd every one reform, except his Wife:
 Passive in Vice, he Pimps to his own Fate,
 To shew himself a Loyal Magistrate:
 'Tis doubtful who debauch'd the City more,
 The Maker of the Masque, or of the Whore.
 Nor his Religion less a Masquerade;
 He always drove a strange mysterious Trade;
 With decent Zeal, to Church he'll gravely come,
 To praise that God which he denies at home.
 Socinian Toland's his dear Ghostly Priest, *Toland's*
 And taught him all Religion to digest.
 Took prudent Care he shou'd not much profess,
 And he was ne're addicted to Excess.
 And yet he Covets without Rule or End,
 Will sell his Wife, his Master, or his Friend.
 To boundless Avarice a constant Slave,
 Unsatisfy'd as Death, and greedy as the Grave.

Now, Satyr, let us view the numerous Fry,
 That must succeeding Magistrates Supply,

And

And search if future Years are like to be
Much better taught, or better rul'd than we.

The Senators of Hospital Descent,
The upper House of *Osia's* Parliament,
Who from Destruction should their City save,
But are as wicked as they shou'd be grave:
With Citizens *in Petto*, who at need,
As these do those, so those must these succeed

D——b, the Modern *Judas* of the Age, *Juncoomb*
Has often try'd in vain to mount the Stage:
Profuse in Gifts and Bribes to God and Man,
To ride the City-Horse, and wear the Chain.
His Vices *Osia*, thou hast made thy own,
In chusing him, thou writ'st thy own Lampoon:
Fancy the haughty Wretch in Chair of State,
At once the City's Shame and Magistrate;
At Table set, at his right Hand a Whore,
Ugly as those which he had kept before.
He to do Justice, and reform our Lives,
And *She* receive the Homage of our Wives.

Now

Now Satyr, give another Wretch his Due,
 Who's chosen to reform the City too;
 Hate him, ye Friends to Honesty and Sence,
 Hate him in injur'd Beauty's just Defence;
 A Knighted Booby Insolent and Base,
 "Whom Man no Manners gave, nor God no Grace.
 The Scorn of Women, and the Shame of Men,
 Matcht at Threescore to innocent Fifteen;
 Hag-rid with jealous Whimsies let us know,
 He thinks he's Cuckold 'cause he should be so:
 His vertuous Wife exposes to the Town,
 And fears her Crimes because he knows his own.

Here Satyr, let them just Reproach abide,
 Who sell their Daughters to oblige their Pride
 The Ch——er——n begins the doleful Jest,
 As a *Memento Mori* to the rest;
 Who fond to raise his Generation by't,
 And see his Daughter buckl'd to a Knight:
 The Innocent unwarily betray'd,
 And to the Rascal join'd the hapless Maid;
 The

The Purchase is too much below the Cost,
For while the Lady's gain'd, the Woman's lost.

What shall we say to common Vices now,
When Magistrates the worst of Crimes allow?
Offia, if e'er thou wilt reform thy Gates,
't must be another Set of Magistrates:
In Practice just, and in Profession sound;
But God knows where the Men are to be found.
In all thy numerous Streets 'tis hard to tell,
Where the few Men of Faith and Honour dwell:
Poor and despis'd so seldom they appear,
The *Cynick's* Lanthorn wou'd be useful here.

No City in the spacious Universe,
Boasts of Religion more, or minds it less;
Of Reformation talks, and Government,
Backt with an Hundred Acts of Parliament:
Those useless Scare-Crows of neglected Laws,
That miss the Effect because they miss the Cause:
Thy Magistrates who should reform the Town,
Punish the poor Mens Faults, but hide their own.

Sup

Suppress the Players Booths in *Smithfield-Fair*,
 But leave the *Cloysters*, for their Wives are there,
 Where all the Scenes of Lewdness do appear.

Satyr, the Arts and Mysteries forbear,
 Too black for thee to write, or us to hear:
 No Man, but he that is as vile as they,
 Can all the Tricks and Cheats of Trade survey.
 Some in *Claudestine Companies* combine,
 Erect new Stocks to trade beyond the Line:
 With Air and empty Names beguile the Town,
 And raise new Credits first, then cry 'em down:
 Divide the *empty nothing* into Shares,
 To set the Town together by the Ears.
 The Sham Projectors and the Brokers join,
 And both the Cully Merchant undermine;
 First he must be drawn in and then betray'd,
 And they demolish the Machine they made:
 So conjuring Chymists, who with a Charm and Spell,
 Some wondrous Liquid wondrously exhale;
 But when the gaping Mob their Money pay,
 The Charm's dissolv'd, the Vapour flies away:

The wondring Bubbles stand amaz'd to see
Their Money Mountebank'd to *Mercury*.

Some fit out Ships, and double Fraights ensure,
And burn the Ships to make the Voyage secure :
Promiscuous Plunders thro' the World commit,
And *with the Money* buy their safe Retreat.

Others seek out to *Africk's* Torrid Zone,
And search the burning Shores of *Serr alone* ;
There in unsufferable Heats *they fry*,
And run vast Risques to see the Gold, *and die* :
The harmless Natives basely they trepan,
And barter Baubles for the *Souls of Men* :
The Wretches they to Christian Climes bring o'er,
To serve worse Heathens than they did before.
The Cruelties they suffer there are such,
Amboyna's nothing, they've out-done the *Dutch* :

Cortez, Pizarro, Guzman, Penaloe,
Who drank the Blood and Gold of *Mexico*,
Who thirteen Millions of Souls destroy'd.
And left one third of God's Creation void ;

By Birth for Natures Butchery design'd,
 Compar'd to these are merciful and kind ;
 Death cou'd *their* cruellest Designs fulfil,
 Blood quench't *their* Thirst, and it suffic'd to kill:
 But these the tender *Coup de Grace* deny,
 And make Men beg in vain for leave to die ;
 To more than *Spanish* Cruelty inclin'd,
 Torment the Body and debauch'd the Mind :
 The lingring Life of Slavery preserve,
 And vilely teach them both to sin and serve.
 In vain they talk to them of Shades below,
 They fear no Hell, *but where such Christians go* ;
 Of *Jesus Christ* they very often hear,
 Often as his Blaspheming Servants swear,
 They hear and wonder what strange Gods they be,
 Can bear with Patience such Indignity.
 They look for Famines, Plagues, Disease, and Death,
 Blasts from above, and Earthquakes from beneath :
 But when they see regardless Heaven looks on,
 They curse our Gods, or think that we have none.
 Thus Thousands to Religion are brought o'er,
 And made worse Devils than they were before.

Satyr,

Satyr, the Men of *Drugs* and *Simples* spare,
 'Tis hard to search the latent Vices there;
 Their *Theologicks* too they may defend,
They can't deceive, who never do pretend.
 As to Religion, generally they show
As much as their Profession will allow:
 But count them all Confederates of Hell,
 'Till B—— they with one consent expel.
 B—— our Satyr startles at his Name,
 The Colledge Scandal, and the City's Shame:
 Not satisfy'd his Maker to deny,
 Provokes him with Lampoon and Blasphemy;
 And with unpresidented Insolence
 Banters a God, and scoffs at Providence.

No Nation in the World, but ours, wou'd bear
 To hear a Wretch blaspheme the Gods they fear:
 His Flesh long since their Altars had adorn'd,
 And with his Blood appeas'd the Powers he scorn'd.
 But see the Badge of our Reforming Town,
 Some cry Religion up, some cry it down:

Some worship God, and some a God defie,
 With equal boldness, equal liberty;
 The silent Laws decline the just Debate,
 Made dumb by the *more silent Magistrate*;
 And both together small distinction put
 'Twixt him that owns a God, and him that owns him not:
 The Modern Crime 'tis thought no being had,
 They knew no Atheist when our Laws were made.
 'Tis hard the Laws more Freedom shou'd allow,
 With God above, than Magistrates below.

B—— unpunish'd, may Heaven and Earth defie,
 Dethrone Almighty Power, Almighty Truth deny;
 Burlesque the Sacred, High, *Unutter'd Name*,
 And impious War with *Jove* himself proclaim.
 While Justice unconcern'd looks calmly on,
 And B—— boasts the Conquests he has won;
 Intults the Christian Name, and laughs to see
 Religion Bully'd by Philosophy.

B—— with far less hazard may blaspheme,
 Than thou may'st *Satyr* trace thy Noble Theme;

The

The Search of Vice more Hazard represents
 From Laws, from Councils, and from P——
 Thou may'st be wicked, and less danger know,
 Than by informing others they are so:
 Thou canst no P——r, no Counsellor expose,
 Or dress a vicious M——r in his proper Cloaths;
 But all the Bombs and Canon of the Law,
 Are soon drawn out to keep thy Pen in awe:
 By Laws *Post Facto* thou may'st soon be slain,
 And *Inuendo's* shall thy Guilt explain.

Thou may'st Lampoon, and no Man will resent,
 Lampoon but Heaven, and not the P——:
 Our Trustees and our Welbelov'ds forbear;
 Thou'rt free to banter Heaven, and all that's there;
 The boldest Flights thou'rt welcome to bestow
 O'th' Gods above, but not the God's below.

B—— may banter Heaven, and A——! Death,
 And T——^{olan} poyson Souls with his infected Breath.
 No Civil Government resents the Wrong;
 But all are touch'd and angry at thy Song,

Angill

Th

Thy Friends without the help of Prophecie,
 Read Goals and Gibbets in thy Destiny;
 But *Courage springs from Truth*, let it appear,
 Nothing but Guilt can be the Cause of Fear;
 Satyr go on, thy keenest Shafts let fly,
 Truth can be no Offence to Honesty;
 The Guilty only are concern'd, and *they*
Lampoon themselves, when e're they censure thee.

PART II.

THE City's view'd now Satyr turn thine Eye,
 The Country's Vices, and the Court's survey;
 And from Impartial Scrutiny set down,
 How much they're both more vicious than the Town.
 How does our Ten Years War with Vice advance?
About as much as it hath done with France.

Ride with the Judge, and view the wrangling Bar,
 And see how leud our *Justice-Merchants* are:

How

How *Clito* comes from instigating Whore,
 Pleads for the Man he Cuckol'd just before ;
 See how he Cants, and acts the Ghostly Father,
 And brings the Gospel and the Law together :
 To make his pious Frauds be well receiv'd ;
 He quotes that Scripture which he ne're believ'd.
 Fluent in Language, indigent in Sence,
 Supplies his want of Law with Impudence.
 See how he rides the Circuit with the Judge ;
 To Law and Leudness a devoted Drudge.
 A Brace of Femal-Clients meet him there,
 To help debauch the *Sizes* and the *Fair* :
 By Day he plies the Bar with all his might,
 And Revels in St. *Ed*——'s Streets at Night :
 The Scandal of the Law, his own Lampoon,
 Is Lawyer, Merchant, Bully, and Buffoon,
 In drunken Quarrels eager to engage,
 Till Brother Justice lodg'd him in the Cage :
 A thing the Learned thought could never be,
 Had not the Justice been as drunk as he.
 He pleads of late at *Hymen's* Nuptial Bar,
 And bright *Aurelia* is Defendant there.

He

He Courts the Nymph to Wed, and make a Wife,
 And swears *by God* he will reform his Life.
 The solemn Part he might ha' well forbore ;
 For she alas ! has been, *has been a Whore* :
 The pious Dame, the sober Saint puts on,
 And *Clito's* in the way to be undone.

Casco's debauch'd, 'tis his Paternal Vice ;
 For Wickedness descends to Families :
 The tainted Blood the Seeds of Vice convey,
 And plants new Crimes before the old decay.
 Thro' all Degrees of Vice the Father run,
 But sees himself out-fin'd by either Son ;
Whoring and *Incest* he has understood,
 And they subjoyn Adultery and Blood.

This does the Orphan's Cause devoutly plead,
 Secures her Money and her Maidenhead :
 And then perswades her to defend the Crime,
 Evade the Guilt, and Banter off the Shame.
 Taught by the subtil Counsellor, she shows
 More nice Distinctions than *Ignatius* shows :

In

In Matrimony finds a learned flaw,
A Wife in Honour, and a Wife in Law.

- “ Choice is the Substance of the Contract made,
“ And mutual Love the only Knot that's ty'd;
“ To these the Laws of Nations must submit;
“ And where they fail, the Contract's incomplete.
“ So that if Love and Choice were not before,
“ The last may be the Wife, the first the Whore.*

Thus she securely sins with eager Gait,
And satisfies her Conscience, and her Lust:
Nor does her Zeal and Piety omit,
But to the Whore she joins the Jesuit;
With constant Zeal frequents the House of Prayer,
To heal her prostituted Conscience there,
Without Remorse, adjourns with full Content,
From his lascivious Arms to th' Sacrament.

The Brother less afraid of Sin than Shame,
Doubles his Guilt, to save his tottering Fame:

E

'Twas

'Twas too much Risque for any Man to run,
 To save that Credit which before was gone :
 The Innocent lies unreveng'd in Death,
 He stop'd the growing Scandal in her Breath :
 Till Time shall lay the horrid Murder bear :
No Bribes can crush the Writs of Error there.

Nor is the Bench less tainted than the Bar :
 How hard's that Plague to cure that's spread so far !
 'Twill all prescrib'd Authorities reject,
 While they're most guilty who shou'd first correct.
 Contagious Vice infects the Judgment-Seats,
 And Vertue from Authority retreats :
 How shou'd she such Society endure ?
 Where she's contemn'd she cannot be secure.

Milo's a Justice, they that made him so
 Shou'd answer for th' oppressive Wrongs he'll do :
 His Lands almost to *Ostia's* Walls extend ;
 And of his heap'd up Thousands there's no end,
 If Magistrates, as in the Text 'tis clear,
 Ought to be such as Avarice abhor,

This

This may be known of the Almighty's Mind,
That *Milo's* not the Man the Text design'd.

Satyr, be bold, and fear not to expose
The vilest Magistrate the Nation knows:
Let *Furius* read his naked Character,
Blush not to write what he shou'd blush to hear;
But let them blush, who in a Christian State
Made such a Devil be a Magistrate.

In *Britain's* Eastern Provinces he reigns,
And serves the Devil with excessive Pains:
The Nation's Shame, and honest Mens surprize,
With Drunkard in his Face, and Mad-man in his Eyes.
The sacred Bench of Justice he Prophanes,
With a polluted Tongue and bloody Hands:
His Intellects are always in a Storm,
He frights the People which he shou'd reform.
Antipathys may some Diseases cure,
But Vertue can no Contraries endure.
All Reformation stops when Vice commands,
Corrupted Heads can ne'er have upright Hands.

E 2

Shame-

Shameless its Class of Justices he'll swear,
 And plants the Vices he should punish there.
 His Mouth's a Sink of Oaths and Blasphemies,
 And Curfings are his kind Civilities;
 His fervent Prayers to Heaven he hourly sends,
 But 'tis damn himself and all his Friends;
 He raves in Vice, and storms that he's confin'd,
 And studies to be worse than all Mankind.
 Extremes of Wickedness are his Delight,
 And's pleas'd to hear that he's distinguish'd by't:
Exotick ways of sinning he improves,
 We curse and hate, he pursues where he loves;
 So strangely retrograde to all Mankind,
 If cross he damns himself, if pleas'd his Friend.

This is the Man that helps to bless the Nation,
 And bully Mankind into Reformation:
 The true Coercive Power of the Law,
 Which drives the People which it cannot draw:
 The Nation's Scandal, *England's* true Lampoon,
 A Drunken, Whoring, Justicing Buffoon.

With

With what stupendious Impudence can he
 Punish a poor Man's Immorality?
 How shou'd a Vicious Magistrate assent
 To mend our Manners, or our Government?
 How shall new Laws for Reformation pass,
 If Vice the Legislation shou'd possess?
 To see Old S——y Blasphemy decry,
 And S——e vote to punish Bribery;
 Lying exploded by a Perjur'd Knight,
 And Whoring punish'd by a Sodomite:
 That he the Peoples Freed om shou'd defend,
 Who had the King and People too trepan'd.
 Soldiers seek Peace, Drunkards prohibit Wine,
 And Fops and Beaus our Politicks refine:
 These are Absurdities too gross to hide,
 Which wise Men wonder at, and Fools deride.

When from the Helm *Socinian* H——t flies,
 And all the rest his Tenents stigmatize,
 And none remain that *Jesus Christ* denies.

Judas

Judas expell'd Lewd, Lying C—— sent home,
And Men of Honesty put in their room.

Blaspheming B——s to his Fen-Ditches sent,
To bully Justice with a Parliament,
Then we shall have a Christian Government.

Then shall the wight for Reformation rise,
And Vice to Virtue fall a Sacrifice:

And with the Nautious Rabble that retire,
Turn out that Bawdy, Saucy Poet ~~P——~~.
A Vintner's Boy the Wretch was first preferr'd,
To wait at Vice's Gates, and Pimp for Bread;
To hold the Candle, and sometimes the Door,
Let in the Drunkard, and let out the Whore:
But as to Villains it has often chanc'd,
Was for his Wit and Wickedness advanc'd.
Let no Man think his new Behaviour strange,
No Metamorphosis can Nature change;
Effects are chain'd to Causes, generally
The Rascal born will like a Rascal die.

His Prince's Favours follow'd him in vain,
They chang'd the Circumstance, but not the Man.

While

While out of Pocket, and his Spirits low,
He'd beg, write Panegyricks, cringe and bow;
But when good Pensions had his Labours crown'd,
His Panegyricks into Satyrs turn'd,
And with a true Mechanick Spirit curst,
Abus'd his Royal Benefactor first.
O What assiduous Pains does P—— take,
To let great D—— see he cou'd mistake!
Dissembling Nature false Description gave,
Shew'd him the Poet, and conceal'd the Knave.

To—d, if such a Wretch is worth our Scorn,
Shall Vice's blackest Catalogue adorn.
His hated Character, let this supply,
Too vile even for our University.

Now, Satyr, to one Character be just,
M——'s the only Pattern and the first:
A Title which has more of Honour in't,
Than all his ancient Glories of Descent.
Most Men their Neighbours Vices will disown,
But he's the Man that first reforms his own.

Let

Let those alone reproach his want of Sence,
 Who with his Crimes have had his Penitence.
 'Tis want of Sence makes Men when they do wrong,
 Adjourn their promis'd Penitence too long:
 Nor let them call him Coward, because he fears
 To pull both God and Man about his Ears.
 Amongst the worst of Cowards let him be nam'd,
 Who having sin'd's *afraid to be asham'd*:
 And to mistaken Courage he's betray'd,
 Who having sin'd's *asham'd to be afraid*.
 Thy Valour, *M——*, does our Praise prevent,
 For thou hast had the Courage to repent:
 Nor shall his first Mistakes our Censure find,
 What Heaven forgets let no Man call to mind.

Satyr, Make search thro' all the sober Age,
 To bring one season'd Drunkard on the Stage;
 Sir *Stephen*, nor Sir *Thomas* won't suffice,
 Nor six and Twenty *Kentish* Justices:
 Your *E——x* Priesthood hardly can supply,
 Tho' they'r enough to drink the Nation dry;

Tho'

Tho' Parson *B*———*d* has been steep in Wine,
 And sunk the Royal Tankard on the *Rhine*,
 He's not the Man that's fit to raise a Breed,
 Shou'd *P*———*k*, *P*———*l*, or *R*———*n* succeed;
 Or match the Size of matchless *Rocheſter*,
 And make one long Debauch of Thirteen Year;
 It muſt be ſomething can Mankind out-do,
 Some high Exceſs that's wonderful and new:
 Nor will Mechanick Sots our Satyr ſuit,
 'Tis Quality muſt grace the Attribute.
 Theſe like the lofty Ceders to the Shrub,
 Drink *Maudlin-Colledge* down, and *Royſon Glub*.
 Such petty Drinking's a Mechanick Evil,
 But he's a Drunkard that out-drinks the Devil;
 If ſuch can not in Court or Church appear,
 Let's view the Camp, you'll quickly find 'em there.

Brave *T*———*n*, who Revell'd Day and Night,
 And always kept himſelf too drunk to fight;
 And *O*———*d*, in a Sea of Sulphur ſtrove
 To let the *Spaniards* ſee the Vice we love.

F

Yet

Yet these are puny Sinners, if you'll look.
 The dreadful Roll in Fate's Authentick Book.
 The Monument of *Bacchus* still remains,
 Where *Englisch* Bones lie heapt in *Irish* Plains:
 Triumphant Death upon our Army trod,
 And Revell'd at *Dundalk* in *Englisch* Blood.

Let no Man wonder at the Dreadful Blow,
 For Heaven has seldom been insulted so.
 In vain brave *Schomberg* mourn'd the Troops that fell,
 While he made Vows to Heaven and they to Hell.
 Our Satyr trembles to review those times,
 And hardly finds out Words to name their Crimes;
 In every Tent the horrid *Juncto's* fate,
 To brave their Maker and despise their Fate;
 The Work was done, Drunkenness was gone be fore,
 Life was suspended, *Death could do no more*.
 Five Regimented Heroes there appear,
 Captains of Thousands, mighty Men of War,
 Glutt'd with Wine, and drunk with Hellish Rage,
 For want of other Foes they Heaven engage.

Sulphur

Sulphur and ill extracted Fumes agree,
To make each drop push on their Destiny.
Th' Infernal Draughts in Blasphemies rebound,
And openly the Devil's Health went round:
Nor can our Verse their latent Crime conceal,
How they shook hands to meet next day in Hell;
Death pledg'd them, Fate the dreadful Compact Read,
Concurring Justice spoke, and Four of Five lay dead.

*When Men their Maker's Vengeance once defy,
'Tis a certain Sign that their Destruction's nigh.*

'Tis vain to single out Examples here,
Drunkenness will soon be th' Nation's Character:
The grand Contagion's spreading over all,
'Tis Epidemick now, and National.
Since then the Sages all Reproofs despise,
Let's quit the People and Lampoon the Vice.
Drunkenness is so the Error of the Time,
The Youth begin to ask if 'tis a Crime:
Wonder to see the grave Patricians come,
From City Courts of Conscience reeling home;

And think 'tis hard they shou'd no Licence make,
To give the Freedom which their Father's take.

The Seat of Judgment's so debuach'd with Wine,
Justice seems rather to be drunk than blind:
Lets fall the Sword, and her unequal Scale,
Makes Right go down, and Injury prevail.

A Vice, 'tis thought, the Devil at first design'd
Not to allure, but to affront Mankind;
A Pleasure Nature hardly can explain,
Suits none of God Almighty's Brutes but Man.

An Act so nautious, that had Heaven enjoyn'd
The Practice, as a Duty on Mankind,
They'd shun the Bliss which came so foul a way,
And forfeit Heaven, rather than once obey.

A double Crime, by which one Act we undoe
At once the Gentleman and Christian too:
For which no better Antidote is known,
Than t' have one Drunkard to another shown.

The

The Mother Conduit of expiate Sin,
Where all the Seeds of Wickedness begin;
The Introduction to Eternal Strife,
And Prologue to the Tragedy of Life;
A foolish Vice, does needless Crimes reveal,
And only tells the Truth it shou'd conceal.

'Tis strange how Men of Sence shou'd be subdu'd
By Vices so unnatural and rude,
Which gorge the Stomach to divert the Head,
And to make Mankind merry, make them mad:
Destroys the Vitals, and distracts the Brain,
And rudely moves the Tongue to talk in vain,
Dismisses Reason, stupifies the Sence,
And wondring Nature's left in strange suspence;
The Soul's benumb'd, and ceases to inform,
And all the Sea of Nature's in a Storm;
The dead unactive Organ feels the Shock,
And willing Death attends the Fatal Stroke.

And is this all for which Mankind endure
Distempers past the Power of Art to cure?

For

For which our Youth Old Age anticipate,
And with Luxurious Drafts suppress their Vital Heat?
Tell us ye Learned Doctors of the Vice,
Wherein the high mysterious Pleasure lies?
The great sublime Enjoyment's laid so deep,
'Tis known in Dream, and understood in Sleep.
The Graduates of the Science first commence,
And gain Perfection when they lose their Sence:
Titles they give, which call their Vice to mind;
But Sot's the common Name for all the kind:
Nature's Fanaticks, who their Sence employ,
The Principles of Nature to destroy.
A Drunkard is a Creature God ne're made,
The Species Man, the Nature retrograde,
From all the Sons of Paradise they seem
To differ in the most acute Extreme;
Those covet Knowledge, labour to be Wise;
These stupifie the Sence and put out Reason's Eye,
For Health and Youth *those* all their Arts employ,
These strive their Youth and Vigour to destroy,
Those damn themselves to heap an ill-got Store,
These liquidate their Wealth, and covet to be poor.

Satyr

Satyr, examine now with heedful Care,
What the Rich Trophies of the Bottle are,
The mighty Conquests which her Champions boast,
The Prizes which they gain, and Price they cost.

The Ensigns of her Order soon displace
Natures most early Beauties from the Face,
Paleness at first succeeds, and languid Air,
And bloated Yellows supersede the Fair;
The flaming Eyes betray the Nitrous Flood,
Which quench the Spirits, and inflame the Blood,
Disperse the Rosie Beauties of the Face,
And Fiery Botchies triumph in the place;
The tott'ring Head and trembling Hand appears,
And all the Marks of Age, *without the Tears*,
Distorted Limbs, gross and unweildy move.
And hardly can pursue the Vice they love:
A *Bacchalian* Scarlet dyes the Skin,
A Sign what Sulphurous Streams arise within:

The

The Flesh emboss'd with Ulcers, and the Brain
Oppress'd with Fumes and Vapour, shews in vain
What once *before the Fire* it did contain.

Strange Power of Wine, whose Vehicle the same
At once can both extinguish and inflame:
Keen as the Light'ning does the Sword consume,
And leaves the untouch'd Scabboard in its room;
Nature burnt up with fiery Vapour dies,
And Wine a little while Mock-Life supplies:
Gouts and old Aches, Life's short Hours divide,
At once the Drunkards Punishment and Pride:
Who having all his youthful Powers subdu'd,
Enjoys Old Age and Pain before he shou'd,
Till Nature quite exhausted quits the Wretch,
And leaves more Will than Power to Debauch,
With Hellish Pleasure past excess he views,
And fain wou'd drink, but Nature must refuse:
Thus Drench'd, in artificial Flame he lies,
Drunk in Desire, forgets himself and dies.
In the next Regions he expects the same;
And Hell's no change, for here he liv'd in Flame.

Satyr,

Satyr, to Church, Visit the House of Prayer,
And see the wretched Reformation there;
Unveil the Mask, and search the Sacred Sham:
For Rogues of all Religions are the same.
The several Tribes, their numerous Titles view,
And fear no Censure where the Fact is true;
They all shall have thee for their constant Friend,
Who more than common Sanctity pretend;
Provided they'll take care the World may see
Their Practices and their Pretence agree;
But count them with the *worst of Hypocrites*,
Whom Zeal divides, and Wickedness unites,
Who in Profession only are precise,
Dissent in Doctrine, and conform in Vice.

They who from the Establish'd Church divide,
Must do it out of Piety or Pride:
And their Sincerity is quickly try'd.
For always they that stand before the first.
Will be the best of Christians, *or the worst.*

G**But**

But shun their secret Councils, *O, my Soul!*

Whose Interest can their Consciences controul;

Those *Ambo-Dexters* in Religion, who

Can any thing dispute, yet any thing can do:

Those Christian-Mountebanks, that in disguise,

Can reconcile Impossibilities:

Alternately conform, and yet dissent,

And sin with both Hands, but with one repent.

The Man of Conscience all Mankind will love,

The Knaves themselves his Honesty approve:

He only to Religion can pretend,

The rest do for the Name alone contend;

The Verity of true Religion's known

By no Description better than its own:

Of Truth and Wisdom it informs the Mind,

And Nobly strives to Civilize Mankind;

With potent Vice maintains Eternal Strife,

Corrects the Manners, and reforms the Life.

Tell us ye *Learned Magi* of the Schools,

Who pose Mankind with Ecclesiastick Rules.

What

What strange amphibious Things, are they that can
 Religion without Honesty maintain,
 Who own a God, pretended Homage pay,
 But neither his, nor Human Laws Obey.
 Blush *England*, hide thy Hypocritick Face,
Who has no Honesty, can have no Grace.

In vain we argue from Absurdities,
 Religion's bury'd just when Vertue dies:
 Vertue's the Light by which Religion's known,
 If this be wanting, Heaven will that disown.
 We grant it merits no Divine Regard ;
 And Heaven is all from Bounty, not Reward :
 But God must his own Nature contradict,
 Reverse the World, its Government neglect,
 Cease to be just, Eternal Law repeal,
 Be weak in Power, and mutable in Will.
 If Vice and Vertue equal Fate should know,
And that unblest'd, or this unpunish'd go.

In vain we strive Religion to disguise,
 And smother it with Ambiguities:

Interest and Priest——, may, perhaps, invent
 Strange Mysteries, by way of Supplement:
 School-men may deep perplexing Doubts disclose,
 And subtle Notions on the World impose;
 Till by their Ignorance they are betray'd,
 And lost in Desarts which themselves ha' made.
 Zealots may Cant, and Dreamers may Divine,
 And formal Fops to Pageantry incline,
 And all with specious Gravity pretend
 Their spurious Metaphysics to defend.

Religion's no divided Mystick Name;
 For true Religion always is the same,
 Naked and plain her Sacred Truths appear,
 From pious Frauds, and dark Ænigma's clear:
 The meanest Sence may all the Parts discern,
 What Nature teaches all Mankind may learn:
 Even what's reveal'd, is no untrodden Path,
 'Tis known by Rule, and understood by Faith,
 The Negatives and Positives agree,
Illustrated by Truth and Honesty.

And

And yet if all Religion was in vain,
Did no Rewards or Punishments contain,
Vertues so suited to our Happiness,
That none but Fools cou'd be in love with Vice.

Vertue's a Native Rectitude of Mind,
Vice the Degeneracy of Human-kind,
Vertue is Wisdom Solid and Divine,
Vice is all Fool without, and Knave within:
Vertue is Honour circumscrib'd by Grace,
Vice is made up of every thing's that's base:
Vertue has secret Charms which all Men love,
And those that do not choose her, yet approve:
Vice like ill Pictures which offend the Eye,
Make those that made them their own Works deny:
Vertue's the Health and Vigour of the Soul,
Vice is the foul Disease infects the whole:
Vertue's the Friend of Life, the Soul of Health,
The Poor Man's Comfort, and the rich Man's Wealth:
Vice is a Thief, a Traytor in the Mind.
Assassinates the Vitals of Mankind;

The

The Poyson of his high Prosperity,
And only Misery of Poverty.

To States and Governments they both extend,
Vertue's their Life and Being, *Vice* their End:

Vertue establishes, and *Vice* destroys,

And all the end of Government unties:

Vertue's an *Englisb* King and Parliament,

Vice is a *Czar* of Muscow Government:

Vertue sets bounds to Kings, and limits Crowns,

Vice knows no Law, and all Restraint disowns:

Vertue prescribes all Government by Rules,

Vice makes Kings Tyrants and their Subjects Fools:

Vertue seeks Peace, and Property maintains,

Vice binds the Captive World in hostile Chains:

Vertue's a beauteous Building form'd on high,

Vice is Confusion and Deformity.

In vain we strive these two to reconcile,
Vain and impossible, the unequal Toil:

Anti

Antipathies in Nature may agree,
Darkness and Light, Discord and Harmony;
The distant Poles, in spite of space may kiss;
Water capitulate, and Fire make Peace:
But Good and Evil never can agree.
Eternal Discord's there, Eternal Contrariety.

In vain the Name of Vertue they put on,
Who preach up Piety and practice none.
Satyr resume the Search of secret Vice,
Conceal'd beneath Religion's fair Disguise.

*Solid's*a Parson Orthodox and Grave,
Learning and Language more than most Men have;
A fluent Tongue, a well-digested Stile,
His Angel voice his Hearers Hours beguile,
Charm'd them with Godliness, and while he spake,
We lov'd the Doctrine for the Teachers sake;
Strictly to all Prescription he conforms,
To Canons, Rubrick, Discipline, and Forms;
Preaches, disputes, with Diligence and Zeal,
Labours the Church's latent Wounds to heal:

'Twould

'T wou'd be uncharitable to suggest,
 Where this is found we should not find the rest:
 Yet *Solid's* frail and false to say no more,
 Dotes on a Bottle, and what's worse a *W*——
 Two Bastard Sons he educates abroad,
 And breeds them to the Function of the Word.
 In this the zealous Church-man he puts on,
 And Dedicates his Labours to the Gown.

P——, for so his Grace the Duke thought fit.
 Has in the Wild of *Suffex* made his Seat:
 His want of Manners we cou'd here excuse,
 For in his Day 'twas out of Pulpit-use;
 Railing was then the Duty of the Day,
 Their Sabbath-Work was but to Scold and Pray;
 But when transplanted to a Country-Town,
 'Twas hop'd he'd lay his fiery Talent down;
 At least we thought he'd so much Caution use,
 As not his Noble Patron to abuse.

But tis in vain to cultivate Mankind,
 When Pride has once possession of his Mind.

Not

Not all his Grace's Favours could prevail,
To calm that Tongue that was so used to rail.
Promiscuous Gall his Learned Mouth defil'd,
And Hypochondraick Spleen his Preaching spoil'd;
His undistinguish'd Censure he bestows,
Not by Desert, but as Ill-nature flows.
The Learned say the Causes are from hence,
An Ebb of Manners, and a Flux of Sense;
Dilated Pride, the Frenzy of the Brain.
Exhal'd the Spirits and disturb'd the Man;
And so the kindest thing which can be said,
Is not to say he's mutinous, but mad:
For less could *we're* his Antick Whims explain,
He thought his Belly pregnant as his Brain:
Fancy'd himself with Child, and durst believe,
That he by Inspiration cou'd conceive,
And if the Hetrogeneous Birth goes on,
He hopes to bring his Mother Church a Son:
Tho' some Folks think the Doctor ought to doubt,
Not how't got in, *but how it will get out.*

H

Hark

Hark, Satyr, Now bring *Boanerges* down,
 A Fighting Priest, a Bully of the Gown:
 In double Office he can serve the Lord,
 To fight his Battles and to preach his Word;
 And double Praise is to his merit due,
 He thumps the Pulpit and the People too.

Then search my ~~L~~⁹ of ~~L~~⁹ Diocess,
 And see what R^{ogues} the Care of Souls possess;
 Beseech his L—— but to name the Priest,
 Went sober from his Visitation Feast.
 Tell him of sixteen Ecclesiastick Guides,
 On whom no Spirit but that of Wine abides;
 Who in contiguous Parishes remain,
 And Preach the Gospel once a Week in vain:
 But in their Practices unpreach it all,
 And sacrifice to *Bacchus* and to *Baal*.

Tell him a Vicious Priesthood must imply
 A careless or defective Prelacy.
 But still be circumspect and spare the Gown,
 The Mitre's full as Sacred as the Crown;

The

The Churches Sea is always in a Storm,
 Leave them at *Latter Lamas* to reforma.
 If in their Gulph of Vice thou should'st appear,
 Thou'l't certainly be lost and Shipwrack'd there:
 Nor meddle with their Couvocation Feuds,
 The Church's ~~Faith~~, the Clergy's Interludes;
 Their Church Distinctions too let us lay by,
 As who are *low Church R^{epre}* and who are *high*.
 Enquire not who their Passive Doctrine broke,
 Who swore at Random, or who ly'd by Book:
 But since their Frailties come so very fast,
 'Tis plain they shou'd not be believ'd in fast.

Satyr, for Reasons we ha' told before,
 With gentle Strokes the *Men of Posts* pass o'er
 Nor within Gun-shot of St. *Stephen's* come,
 Unless thou'rt well prepar'd for Martyrdom;
 Nor that there's any want of Subject there,
 But the more Crimes we have the less we'll hear,
 And what hast thou to do with S—— P——?
 Let them sin on and tempt the Fatal Hour,
 'Tis vain to preach up dull Morality,
 Where too much Crime and too much Power agree;

The hardn'd Guilt undocible appears,
 They'll exercise their Hands but not their Ears.
 Let their own Crimes be Punishment enough,
 And let them want the favour of Reproof.

Let the Court-Ladies be as lewd as fair,
 Let Wealth and Wickedness be M—— Care;

Let D—— drench his Wit with his Estate,

Oxford And O—— sin in spite of Age and Fate;

On the wrong side of Eighty let him Whore,

He always was, and will be lewd and poor,

Let D—— be proud, and O—— gay,

Lavish of vast Estates, and scorn to pay:

The Ancient D—— has sin'd to's Heart's content;

And but he scorns to stoop wou'd now repent:

Wou'd Heaven abate but that one Darling Sin,

He'd be a Christian and a P—— again,

Let poor *Corrina* mourn her Maiden-head,

And her lost D—— gone out to fight for Bread.

Portugal Be he Embarkt for P—— or S——, *Spain*

She prays he never may return again;

For fear she always shou'd resist in vain.

Satyr,

Satyr, forbear the blushing Sex t' expose,
 For all their Vice from Imitation flows;
 And 'twou'd be but a very dull Pretence,
 To miss the Cause, and blame the Consequence:
 But let us make Mankind asham'd to sin,
 Good Nature'l make the Women all come in,
 This one Request shall thy Rebukes express,
 Onely to talk a little little less.

Now view the Beau's at *Will's*, the Men of Wit,
 By Nature nice, and for discerning fit:
 The finish'd Fops, the Men of Wig and Snuff,
Knights of the Famous Oyster-Barrel Muff.
 Here meets the *Dyet* of Imperial Wit,
 And of their weighty Matters wisely treat;
 Send Deputies to *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*,
 To guide young Country Beau's in Wits unerring Path.

Prigson from Nurse and Hanging-sleeves got free,
 A little smatch of Modern Blasphemy;
 A powder'd Wig, a Sword, a Page, a Chair,
 Learns to take Snuff, drinks Chocolate, and swear:

Nature

Nature seems thus far to ha' led him on,
And no Man thinks he was a Fop too soon;
Bur 'twas the Devil surely drew him in,
Against the Light of Nature thus to sin:
That he who was a Coxcomb so compleat,
Should now put in his wretched Claim for Wit.
Such sober Steps Men to their Ruine take,
A Fop, a Beau, a Wit, and then a Rake.

Fate has the Scoundrel Party halv'd in two,
The Wits are shabby, and the Fops are Beau;
The Reasons plain, the Money went before,
And so the Wits are Rakish 'cause their poor,
Indulgent Heaven for Decency thought fit,
That some shou'd have the Money, and some the Wit.
Fools are a Rent Charge left on Providence,
And have Equivalents instead of Sence;
To whom he's bound a larger Lot to carve,
Or else they'd seem to ha' been born to starve.
Such with their double Dole shou'd be content,
And not pretend to Gifts that Heaven ne'er sent:

For 'twou'd reflect upon the Power Supream,
 If all his Mercies ran in one contracted Stream:
 The Men of Wit would by their Wealth be known,
 Some wou'd have all the Good, and some ha' none.
 The useles Fools wou'd in the World remain,
 As Instances that Heaven cou'd work in vain.

Dull *Flettumasy* has his Hearts Delight,
 Gets up i'th' Morning to lie down at Night;
 His Talk's a Mass of weighty Emptiness,
 None more of Business prates, or knows it less;
 A painted Lump of Idleness and Sloth,
 And in the Arms of *Bacchus* spends his Youth:
 The waiting Minutes tend on him in vain,
 Mispent the past unvalued those remain;
 Time lies as useles, unregarded by,
 Needles to him that's only born to die,
 And yet this undiscerning thing has Pride,
 And hugs the Fop that wiser Men deride.

Pride's a most useful Vertue in a Fool,
 The humble Coxcomb's always made a Tool;
 Conceits a Blockhead's only Happiness,
 He'd hang himself if he cou'd use his Eys.

If

If Fools cou'd their own Ignorance discern,
 They'd be no longer Fools :
 From whence some wise Philosophers ha' said,
 Fools may ~~be~~ be fullen, but ~~can't~~ can't be mad.
 'Tis too much thinking which distracts the Brain,
 Crouds it with Vapours which dissolve in vain ;
 The fluttering Wind of undigested Thought
 Keeps Mock Idea's in and true ones out :
 These guide the undirected Wretch along,
 With giddy Head and inconsistent Tongue ;
 But *Flettumacy*'s safe, he's none of them,
Bedlam can never lay her Claim to him,
 Nature secur'd his unincumbred Scull,
 For *Flettumacy* never thinks at all :
 Supinely sleeps in *Diadora*'s Arms,
 Doz'd with the Magick of her Craft and Charms ;
 The subtile Dame brought up in Vice's School,
 Can love the Cully, tho' she hates the Fool :
 Wisely her just Contempt of him conceals,
 And hides the Follies he himself reveals.
 'Tis plain the self-denying Jlit i'th' Right
 She wants his Money, and ~~and he wants her Wit.~~

Satyr,

Satyr, the Men of *Rhime* and *Jingle* Ihun,
Has thou not Rhim'd thy self till thou'rt undone?
On Rakiſh Poets, let us not reflect,
They only are what all Mankind expect.

Yet 'tis not Poets have debauch't the Times,
'Tis we that have ſo damn'd their ſober Rhimes:
The Tribe's good natur'd, and deſire to pleaſe,
And when you ſnarl at thoſe, preſent you theſe.
The World has loſt its ancient Taſte of Wit,
And Vice comes in to raiſe the Appetite;
For Wit has lately got the ſtart of Sence,
And ſerves it ſelf as well with Impudence.

Let him whoſe Fate it is to write for Bread,
Keep this one Maxim always in his Head:
If in this Age he wou'd expect to pleaſe,
He muſt not cure, but nourish their Diſeaſe;
Dull Moral things will never paſs for Wit,
Some Years ago they might, but now 'tis too late.
Vertue's the faireſt Green-ſickneſs of the Times,
'Tis luſcious Vice gives Spirit to all our Rhimes.

I

In

In vain the sober thing inspir'd with Wit,
 Writes Hymns and Histories from Sacred Writ;
 But let him *Blasphemy* and *Bawdy* write,
 The *Pious* and the *Modest* both will buy't.
 The blushing Virgin's pleas'd and loves to look,
 And plants the Poem next her Prayer-Book.

W———ly with Pen and Poverty beset,
 And *Bl*———re Vers't in Physick as in Wit.
 Tho' this of *Jesus*, that of *Job* may sing,
 One Bawdy Play will twice their Profits bring,
 And had not both carest the Flatter'd Crown,
 This had no Knight-hood seen, nor that no Gown.

Had Vice no Power the Fancy to bewitch,
Dryden had hang'd himself as well as *Creech*:
Dursey had starv'd, and half the Poets fled
 In foreign Parts, to pawn their Wit for Bread.
 'Tis Wine or Lewdness all our Theams supplies,
 Gives Poets Power to write, and Power to please:
 Let this describe the Nation's Character,
 One Man reads *Milton* forty *Rocheſter*.

This

This lost his Taste, *they say*, when h' lost his Sight,
Milton had Thought, but Rochester had Wit.

The Cause is plain, the Temper of the Time,
One wrote *the Lend*, and t'other *the Sublime*.

And shou'd *Apollo* now descend and write,
In Vertue's Praise 'twou'd never pass for Wit.
The Bookseller perhaps wou'd say, 'Twas well :
But 'Twou'd not hit the *Times*, 'Twou'd never Sell :
Unless a Spice of Lewdness cou'd appear,
The sprightly part wou'd still be wanting there.
The Fashionable World wou'd never read,
Nor the Unfashionable Poet get his Bread.
'Tis Love and Honour must enrich our Verse,
The Modern Terms, *our Whoring to rehearse*.
The sprightly part attends the *God of Wine*,
The Drunken Stile *must blaze* in every Line.
These are the Modern Qualities must do,
To make the Poem and the Poet too.

Dear Satyr, If thou wilt reform the Town,
Thou'lt certainly be beggar'd and undone :

'Tis at thy Peril if thou wilt proceed

To cry down Vice, Mankind will never read.

CONCLUSION.

What strange Mechanick Thoughts of God and Man

Must this unsteady Nation entertain,

To think *Almighty Science* can be blind,

Wisdom it self be banter'd by Mankind;

Eternal Providence be mockt with Lyes,

With out-sides and Improbabilities,

With Laws those *Rhodomontades* of the State,

Long Proclamation, and the Lord knows what;

Societies ill Manners to suppress,

And new sham Wares with Immoralities,

While they themselves to common Crimes betray'd,

Can break the very Laws themselves ha' made:

With *Jehu's* Zeal they furiously reform,

And raise false Clouds, which end without a Storm;

But with a loose to Vice securely see

The Subject punish'd, and themselves go free.

For

For shame your *Reformation-Clubs* give o'er,
 And jest with Men; and jest with Heaven no more;
 But if you wou'd avenging Powers appease,
 Avert the Indignation of the Skies;
 Impending Ruin avoid, and calm the Fates,
 Ye *Hypocrites*, reform your Magistrates.

Your Quest of Vice at *Church* and *Court* be
 There lie the Seed of high expatiate Sin;
 'Tis they can check the Vices of the Town,
 When e'er they please, but to suppress their own,
 Our Modes of Vices from their Examples came,
 And their Examples only must reclaim.
 In vain you strive ill Manners to suppress,
 By the Superlatives of Wickedness:
 Ask but how well the drunken Plow-man looks,
 Set by the swearing Justice in the Stocks;
 And poor Street Whores in *Bridewell* feel their Fate,
 While *Harlot M——n* rides in Coach of State.
 The Mercenary Scouts in every Street,
 Bring all *that have no Money* to your feet,
 And if you lash a Strumpet of the Town,
 She only smarts for want of half a Crown:.

Your

Your Annual Lists of Criminals appear,
 But no *Sir Harry* or *Sir Charles* is there,
 Your Proclamations Rank and File appear,
 To Bug-bear Vice, and put Mankind in fear:
 These are the Squibs and Crackers of the Law,
 Which hiss and make a Bounce, and then withdraw.
 Law like the thunder of Immortal Jove,
 Rings Peals of Terror from the Powers above;
 But when the pointed Lightnings disappear,
 The Cloud dissolves, and all's serene and clear:
 Law only aids Men to conceal their Crimes,
 But 'tis Example must reform the Times,
 Force and Authorities are all in vain,
 Unless you can persuade, you'll ne'er constrain;
 And all persuasive Power expires of Course,
 'Till backt with good Examples to enforce.
 The Magistrates must Blasphemy forbear,
 Be faultless first themselves, and then severe;
 Impartial Justice equally dispence,
 And fear no Man, nor fear no Man's Offence:
 Then may our Justices, and not before,
 When they reprove the rich, correct the poor.

The

The Men of Honour must from Vice dissent,
Before the *Rakes* and *Bullies* will repent;
Vertue must be the Fashion of the Town,
Before the Beau's and Ladies put it on;
Wit must no more be Bawdy and Profane,
Or Wit to Vertue's reconcil'd in vain.
The Clergy must be sober, grave and wise,
Or else in vain *they cant of Paradise*:
Our Reformation never can prevail,
While Precepts govern and *Examples fail*.
Were but the Ladies vertuous as they're fair,
The Beau's wou'd blush as often as they swear;
Vice wou'd grow antiquated in the Town,
Wou'd all our Men of Mode but cry it down:
For Sin's a Slave to Custom, and will'd to die,
Whenever Habits suffer a Decay,
And therefore all our Reformation here,
Must work upon our Shame and *not our Fear*.
If once the Mode of Vertue wou'd begin,
The poor will quickly be *asham'd to sin*.
Fashion is such a strange bewitching Charm,
For fear of being laugh'd at they'll Reform;

And

And yet Posterity will blush to hear
 Royal Examples ha' been useless here;
 The only *Just Exception* to our Rule,
 Vertue's not learnt in this Imperial School.
 In vain *Maria's* Character we read,
 So few will in her Path of Vertue tread.

In vain her Royal Sister recommends
 Vertue to be the Test of all her Friends,
 Backt with her own Example and Commands.

Our Church establisht, and our Trade restor'd,
 Our Friends protect'd, and our Peace secur'd:
France humbl'd, and our Fleet's insulting *Spain*,
 These are the Triumphs of a *Female Reign*;
 At Home her milder Influence she imparts,
 Queen of our Vows, and Monarch of our Hearts.
 If Change of Sexes thus will change our Scenes,
 Grant Heaven we always may be rul'd by Queens.

F I N I S.

NLZ
5/12/73





